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# NEW FAIRY STORIES



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# NEW FAIRY STORIES

FOR

MY GRANDCHILDREN.

BY

GEORGE KEIL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY

S. W. LANDER

1871

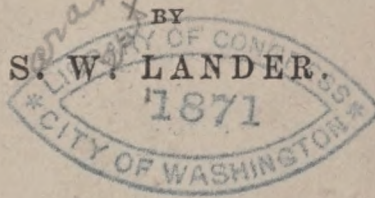
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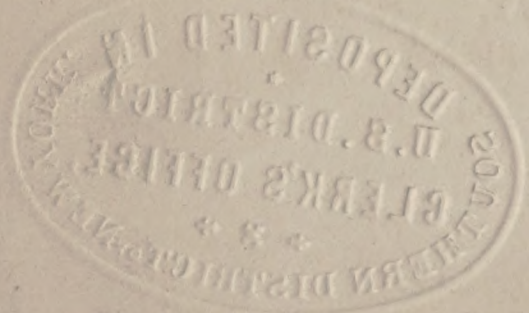


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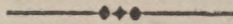
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## THE SNOW MAN.

AH! it was so glorious out in the garden! The snow lay almost half a yard high, the sun shone so bright and clear, that every thing flashed and glittered like precious stones; the very air shone and sparkled, as if some one had scattered diamond dust through it. The branches of the apple and pear trees seemed covered with sugar-candy; it looked as if you might break off a stick of candy and eat it. The branches of the larches and firs had put on coats and cloaks of snow, on account of the severe cold; and each rose stem had on a white nightcap, so that it should not freeze, and that was so pretty. Ah! it was so wonderfully beautiful!



Paul and Arthur ran out. They sprang merrily round in the soft snow, and chased each other; laughing loud if either fell into the deep snow, and looked as white as millers. The dog jumped too, and barked and rolled with delight, scratching with his feet, so that the snow flew all around them. "Ah! I wish I were a dog, and then I could roll so too!" said Paul.

They brought their little sister Lily out, wrapped her in warm shawls, placed her in their little sled, harnessed themselves to it, and were a pair of horses.

Pat! pat! now they went on in a gallop! The dog sprang before them, and barked; and they ran through the walks backward and forward, and across, between all the flower-beds, till Lily was frightened and shrieked, when a crow, from the top of a high fir tree, threw a great snowball down on her, which covered her all



over with snow. But her brothers laughed aloud, and the crow laughed too, "Caw! caw!"

"Now I am tired," said Paul at last; and Arthur said, "My fingers are cold."

They took their little sister out of the sled and carried her into the warm parlor. But the boys would not stay in the house; they rubbed their hands with snow till they were red and warm, as if they had held them by the stove; then they ran off again. Now they made snowballs and threw them at each other; then they rolled a ball of snow up and down, till it grew larger and larger, so that at last they could not roll it any longer, it became so heavy.

"Now let us make a snow man!" said Paul to his brother.

"Oh yes! a snow man! a snow man!" shouted Arthur; and so they rolled great lumps of snow,



and placed one on the other, and when they could not reach any higher, they stood up on a bench, and lifted up a great ball and placed it on the trunk, for a head to their man. Then they stuck in a couple of black coals for eyes; and instead of a mouth, a great wide, red brick; and they put a thick stick in his hand. Then the snow man was finished, and he stood directly before the parlor window, as if he wished to look into the room.

Little Lily saw him quite near her, as she came to the window. "Ah! what a splendid great man!" she cried out, and clapped her hands, and it seemed exactly as if the snow man smiled with his great mouth, when Lily praised him.

The next day the boys ornamented their snow man still more. They painted his cheeks red with the juice of elderberries, which they



gathered from the cold bushes, so that he should not look so pale ; and set a straw hat on his head, with a green pine branch in it. Then they put red thorn berries in his white snow coat, instead of buttons.

Now he looked quite well, and Lily liked him so much, that she could not go away from the window.

And both the brothers had great fun with him ; they jumped and danced around him, singing,

“ Snow man, snow man, white as chalk,  
With the fresh, green hemlock stalk,  
Look not idly on the ground,  
Dance with us a merry round,  
Do not wear such stupid air,  
Tralla la ! trallala la ! ”

But he looked quite serious, and would not move at all ; to be sure, it would not have been proper for him !



New snow had fallen, and then the coat of the snow man looked as downy as a bear-skin, and one of the boys said to him, "Now you are well protected without, and we must see that you have something warm within. "So saying, he put a little clay pipe in his mouth, in which he placed a little taper, which smoked, and looked exactly as if the snow man were smoking a pipe of tobacco.

This was a new amusement for them; but after a few days the boys were tired of him.

"Let us bombard him," Arthur said. So they made a pile of snowballs, and began to throw them at him, and sang at the same time—

"Snow man—ah, you coward wight,  
Though so big you dare not fight!  
Oh! you blockhead, now be quick,  
Use your heavy oaken stick;  
If you won't defend your snout,  
Huzza! huzza! you must look out."



And the snowballs flew like shot around him. They meant to snowball him to death.

It was fortunate for the snow man that Lily came by. "Oh! do let the poor man live," she cried, to her brothers; and she wept and petitioned so for him, that they stopped snowballing, and gave him to her.

"Now, he must be your husband," said the boys; "you ought to marry him."

"Ah, yes! if I were large enough," sighed Lily.

The two boys ran down to the river, which flowed by the garden, and that was now frozen fast; it was as smooth as a mirror.

They played on the ice as boys usually do, and troubled themselves no more about the snow man.

But Lily was constant to him, and came every day to make him a visit.



"You must almost freeze, you poor man; it is so cold to-day," she said once to him.

"Ah, no! honored miss," answered the snow man. "Outwardly I cannot freeze; only see my thick coat; but I am so cold inside—ugh! ugh! I only feel a little bit warm, when I look at you, honored miss."

"Why do you call me so?" said Lily, "I am only a little child."

"You will soon grow large, miss," said the snow man. "I know my indebtedness to you. I have not yet thanked you for saving my life, when those wild boys threatened to snowball me to death."

"They will not do that again," said Lily; "you belong to me now, and are my husband; ah, if I were only large! But are you not tired now with standing there so long, and hungry too?"

"I rest on my thick stick," answered the



snow man; "and as to hunger, my noble lady you see that I am a contented man, and can put up with a little. It is rather scant here!"

"Lily, Lily," called her mother. And Lily ran off, calling to her snow man—"Do not be anxious, I will bring you something to eat every day."

And she kept her word. She divided her breakfast and supper with him, and even her dolls received only half their portion.

She put every thing on a little plate, and placed it before him; and when she made him a visit the next day, if she found the plate empty, she thought it must have tasted good to her dear snow man.

But at heart the snow man led a very sad and tiresome life. He stood so solitary there, day and night; the two boys who used to jump and dance around him, were no longer to be seen.



And even little Lily came out but for a moment, it had become so cold. The dog alone visited him, and he did not bark and growl as he had formerly done, when he came near; but one cannot talk very sensibly with a dog, so the snow man was left almost wholly alone.

But the night, ah! it was still worse then! It required some courage, too, to stand alone in the garden, all through the dark night. It was so gloomy in the solitude, and the poor snow man often shut his eyes in fear, and trembled and shook, when a bough creaked, or a lump of snow fell from the top of a tree. At last morning came, and his trouble was more easy to be borne. The crows came flying by, and ate his breakfast up away from him, and tried to peck out his black eyes. He could hardly protect himself from them.

"Most honorable sir," said he once to the dog,



“if you would only be so kind as to stay with me through the night, when it is so fearful and solitary, and chase the crows away in the morning, who steal my breakfast, and want to peck out my eyes !”

The dog laughed, and said, “You are as big as a giant, and yet you are afraid of those miserable little crows. You have no courage in your heart.”

“Ugh !” sighed the snow man, and the dog continued: “What is that to me? I must stay in and guard the house at night, but as to the crows, we can soon cure that !”

So the dog came every morning, as soon as it was light, to drive away the crows, and they did not venture to touch the breakfast again; but now the dog ate it all up himself.

In the night, the snow man felt a great terror, which ran through all his limbs. Something



rustled, and crackled and scratched, near him; he could not distinguish what it was, because there was a thick cloud over the moon. He would gladly have run away, if he had not been too clumsy. So he was obliged to wait till the cloud had passed over; then he recognized, to his great horror, two sharp peaks which were pointed at him, as if to do him some harm.

“Help, help!” the snow man shrieked, in his terror, and ventured a stolen glance at the fearful sight, which he now saw was a pair of long ears, which moved before him. The ears belonged to a hare, who sat in the garden bed, and scraped the cabbage leaves out from the snow. The snow man and the hare stood just opposite each other, and each shook and trembled before the other.

But the hare came to herself first, and said: “Do not harm me, dear sir, out in the fields; the snow is so deep, I cannot find a single blade of



grass. For three days I have been hungry, and I have come across the ice into the garden, to gnaw a little bit of cabbage stalk. I will never do it again, as long as I live!"

The snow man, who had now regained his courage, and who had a very tender heart, answered at once: "Eat till you are satisfied, you poor thing, but I would advise you never to venture here again!"

The only joy the poor man possessed, was in the evening, when the lamps were lighted in the parlor. Then he could look in, and see as far as the wall, where little Lily played with her doll, and then he sighed and said: "Ah, if I were only in there with her." But soon the servant girl came, and drew the curtains, then all his joy was at an end.

It had now grown so cold, that Lily could not venture out, and the windows were covered thick



with frost, so that she could not see her snow man any more, and that was such a grief to her. She had to play with her dolls all the time now, and she had not thought of them for a long time before. They had grown so ugly, and cried and screamed so badly, that Lily was, sometimes, very angry. "Do you keep still," she said to them, "or else I will bring the snow man in here."

The dolls had such a great dread of the snow man, that they were as still as mice.

Once, Lily climbed on a chair, and breathed on the window pane, and then she could look through the little hole in the frost, and could see her dear snow man once again.

He stood quite stiff and firm, looking at the window. The wind waved the branch of ever-green in his hat, and it looked exactly as if he nodded to Lily. Then she felt so delighted that he had not forgotten her.



“Mamma,” said she to her mother, “will you let me have the snow man in here, in the warm room, because I cannot venture to go out?”

“It will not do, my dear,” said her mother, “it is too warm for him, he would melt, and then the whole room would be overflowed with water!”

So Lily was obliged to be contented, and wait till it was warmer out of doors.

And it was soon warm! Spring came; the snow was all melted in the garden, but the snow man stood stiff and straight before the window, on the green moss.

“How are you now?” said Lily, when she ventured out the first time. “I will come and see you every day now, only keep up your spirits! Soon the flowers will come out of the ground, and the leaves on to the trees; then I will make you a beautiful wreath, and you can take off your coat, because it will be too warm for you. Then



we will go to walk together, out in the green forest—that will be splendid!”

“Ugh!” sighed the snow man, and the sweat stood in thick drops on his forehead, and tears fell from his eyes on his coat. It was the thaw!

The poor snow man was indeed ill; he had the consumption, for he grew thinner and smaller every day, and withered away. He was no taller now than little Lily, and stood just up to her eyes. He looked at her so fixedly with his great black eyes—they had not grown any smaller—that she was sometimes afraid of him.

“Man,” said Lily to him, “you must not glare at me so, or else I shall be afraid of you!”

“Crick, crack!” it sounded from the river and rolled like a continuous thunder clap; the ice was breaking up.

“What is that?” asked the trembling Lily.



“Death!” sobbed the snow man, “now he comes for me.”

Then he rolled his eyes, and twisted his broad mouth quite awry, threw his stick away, and bowed down to the ground.

Such a fearful horror seized Lily, that she ran shrieking away.

The next morning the snow man had disappeared, and there was only a little heap of snow on the place where he stood.

But a snow drop with its white bells stretched its green leaves out from the snow. Lily watched and tended it, and thought of her dear snow man.



## THE STORK.

“Now look out!” said old Catherine to the two children, “now look out when the Stork comes, he will bring you a little brother or sister!”

So she led the children out in the garden, and they sat on a bank under the great pear tree, and looked incessantly at the sky, not to miss seeing the stork, and sang this song for him to hear:

“Stork, Stork, long bone,  
Bring a little sister home,  
Bring her from the alder pool,  
Where she slumbers sweet and cool.  
Find for us the prettiest one,  
Bear her lightly to our home.”





THE STORK,







They almost stared their eyes out of their heads, and sang till they were quite hoarse, but still the storks did not come.

“Oh! if the stork would only come!” said little Elsie.

“He will soon be here!” said her brother Christian, “and then he will bring us each a pair of sugar trumpets; a great big one for you, and a much larger one for me, because I am the eldest!”

“What are you doing here?” cried out their neighbor Peter, thrusting his head through the hedge.

“We are waiting for the stork, who is going to bring us a little sister,” said Christian.

“You silly children!” laughed Peter scornfully, “don’t you believe that; you may wait a long time. I know better where the children come from: the dear Lord brings them at night,



and lays them in the cradle himself, and there they are!"

Meantime, the stork came flying over the garden; he bore a great piece of white cloth in his bill, which he had carried off from some yard where it had been laid out to whiten, and he flew with it into his nest, that stood on the chimney.

"The stork, the stork!" shouted the children, and Christian called out, over the hedge, to the incredulous Peter: "There, now you see him, and he has brought the infant's clothes with him."

Peter was quite thoughtful, for he had certainly seen the clothes.

Then old Catherine came to the door, and cried out, "Come in quick, your little sister is here; but the stork liked her so well, he wanted to keep her!"

The children ran into the house. There in the cradle lay the prettiest little sister in the



world, with a little red face, and eyes that were as blue as corn-flowers.

“And the stork brought these for you,” said old Catherine, showing two great sugar trumpets on each side of the bed.

But the children were so happy, they could not think of the sugar trumpets, they were so delighted with their new little sister.

But now they longed for a little brother, too ; and the next morning, when the stork sat on the nest, they ran out, and sang to him :

“Stork, stork, long bone,  
Bring a little brother home ;  
Take him from the alder pool,  
Where he’s sleeping, soft and cool.  
Bring the prettiest one you see,  
Bring him to the house for me !”

The stork listened attentively, cocked his head on one side, and examined the little singer ;



then he made a low bow, laid his bill back on one side, and flapped his wings. He meant to say something to them, but they could not understand him, for they did not know the stork language.

The children sang the song every morning, but the stork did not bring them any little brother; and scornful Peter did not dare go by the house, he felt so ashamed because he had called the good stork silly.

No! no little brother came; but after four weeks, four little heads with black bills peeped out of the stork's nest. The stork had brought four little children for itself; they were so short and dumpy, they could not stand on their feet, and so only their heads peeped out of the nest. Gradually, as the little storks grew larger, you could see more of them. They could look around a little and flap with their wings, and



they did so. Soon they began to climb out of their nest, and to walk round on the ridgepole and roof of the house. They looked quite awkward and uncouth as they tottered this way and that. Once, the smallest of the storks went a little too near the edge of the house ; it made a false step and fell, then slid down the roof, and bang ! there it lay on the ground at the children's feet. It tried to raise its wings and fly, but it did not know how ; besides, it had sprained one wing in the fall from the house. When it found that it could not escape, it knelt in despair before the two children, and looked supplicatingly at them, as if it would say : " Have mercy on me ! "

Then Christian said to him : " Be good and stand upright, I shall not hurt you, I cannot let any one kneel to me. You can live with us, and when your parents and brothers and sisters fly away to a warmer climate, you can go into a



pleasant room with us, and lie under the stove ; there you will be comfortable. But you must be sure and tell your father that he must bring us a little brother when he comes again. Do you hear ?”

The children watched and tended the lame stork as well as they could. They caught frogs and mice for him, and gave him bits of meat from the kitchen, so that he was not in want, he had enough to eat. And when it grew cold, they took him into a warm room with them, where he conducted himself with so much propriety, that even the cross poodle dog let him eat out of his plate every day, and formed quite a friendship for him. And that was such an honor for a stork.

So the winter passed away, and when spring came, and the trees were green, and all the birds returned, and sang, and the swallows floated once



more through the sky, then the storks came back and took possession of their old nest again.

The young stork saw them come, and sat on the ridgepole to receive them, for now he could fly again. How delighted the old storks were when they saw their child grown so large and so improved! There was no end to their wing flappings, they had so much to tell; they talked Egyptian to each other, and no one could understand that.

The young stork wished to return again to the nest where he had lived before. But the old ones would not allow that. "It won't do," said the old father, "the nest is too small for two families, if you should marry. You certainly see there is but one story, and I must sit on the ridgepole and be incommoded myself, when the children grow large." So he showed him a nice



spot on the roof of the barn, where he thought he might build to his taste.

And the stork followed his advice. He built his nest on the roof of the barn, and when it was quite ready, he brought a lovely young stork maiden from the neighborhood as a bride to his home, and commenced keeping house.

Summer came: from each of the stork nests, stork children put out their heads; but they had not brought any little brother to the two children, although they had sung the song often enough.

"It is really mean and ungrateful of the old stork father," said Christian, quite angrily, "not to bring us a little brother, when we took such good care of *his* child."

One time, when the children were asleep in bed,—it was very early in the morning, just at sunrise,—old Catherine roused them from their



slumber, calling out: "Wake up! the stork brought you a little brother last night!"

Ah, how quickly the children sprang from their bed. It was true, a little brother lay in the cradle, and three sugar trumpets peeped out of the pillows; the smallest was for the little brother.

Christian ran directly to neighbor Peter to tell him the news, and he called out to him from a great distance: "Last night the stork brought us a little brother."

But the rude Peter said: "Now you see they have imposed upon you. The storks stay in their nests at night, and cannot bring you any little brother. The dear Lord brought your brother, and laid him there in the cradle." Then he said no more.

The little brother grew larger and larger every day; the young storks in both of the nests grew and became large storks.



When autumn came, and they assembled together, to journey into warm countries, then the young stork threw an egg and a beautiful great feather out of his nest, down on the hay below, in gratitude to the two children who had taken such care of him. The egg was for Christian and the feather for Elsie.









THE BLIND CHILD.



## THE BLIND CHILD.

It is so pleasant to see the clear sunshine, the green trees, the bright flowers, the moon, and the golden stars; but it is still pleasanter to look into the face of a kind friend, with its loving eyes. Little Paul could not see any of this; he was blind, and it was always night around him. Ah! how sad and solitary must his life have been, in an eternal night!

His mother was poor and his father was dead; the last words that he spoke to the weeping mother, when his eyes closed in death, were, "Trust in God! He never forsakes His children!" and he was dead.



The poor mother was now quite alone in the world, with her blind child,—quite alone, for she had neither friends nor relatives. She had no money either; she was obliged to support herself by sewing, but she worked gladly, night and day, for her poor child. She loved her blind child so dearly; perhaps more than a mother would love one who sees, because it needed her care more. Sometimes she did not come home through the long day; she was obliged to work in strangers' houses from early in the morning till late at night. Then the child was quite alone. But he was not quite forsaken; good Mrs. Martha, whose chamber-door was directly opposite his mother's, came across several times a day to look after little Paul. She was such a kind old woman! But she could not stay long with him, she had to spin wool industriously to keep herself from hunger. But Merry, the old dog, and Bibi, a canary bird,



were with him all the time, and kept him company. The canary bird sat on his pillow, and sang beautiful songs to him. And when little Paul let his arm fall over the side of the bed, Merry ran to him and licked his hand; and if he wanted to rise, the intelligent dog grasped him by the dress, and led him up and down the room, so that he should not strike the table or chairs. That was such a nice walk!

The pleasantest time for the child was in the evening, when his mother came home; then his real happiness commenced. His mother took her little work-table, and placed it by the bed; and while she sewed, told him of the glories of heaven, and of the loving God and the holy angels; and amused him with stories, till late in the night, till her eyes shut from fatigue. Often Paul asked: "Mother, is the night almost over?" That cut his mother to the heart, for she knew not what



to answer him. "When we get to heaven," she would say, "the night will be over, but the eye of God can look through the darkness, and can see you and watch over you!"

So they lived together till Paul was six years old. Then one morning his mother complained that she felt ill, and could not rise. She was obliged to keep her bed the whole day, for she had a violent fever. The next day her sickness increased so much that she lost her consciousness. Old Martha faithfully watched her, and took care of the boy, and after a few days, as she grew no better, she went for a doctor, and brought him into the sick room. The doctor was a kind, good man; he felt the pulse of the sick woman, inquired about her illness, and thoughtfully shook his head. It is always a bad sign, when a doctor shakes his head. And when he saw the boy lying in his little bed, he said: "He must be



moved immediately from this room, for his mother is very sick indeed! Has she no relatives nor friends where they can carry him?"

"She has no relatives—nobody troubles themselves about the poor, and Paul is blind!" old Martha answered.

Then the doctor took the child out of his little bed and carried him to the window, placed him on his lap, and looked intently into his sightless eyes. Then, without saying a word, he took the child on his arm, and bore him across the street into a large, handsome house. Many rich people lived there, who were friends of the physician, and who gladly acceded to his request, that the child should remain there till his mother was better. Emma, a young lady in the family, sixteen years of age, undertook the care of the child, and the kind physician visited him daily; after a short time when Paul asked continually for his



mother, he promised to take him to her, if he would sit quite still: his eyes were ill, and he wanted to cure them.

The boy promised, and kept his word out of love to his mother. The doctor, with a sharp instrument, took the dark veil away, which had prevented the boy's seeing God's beautiful earth and sky, then quickly wrapped up his eyes again. Paul gave no cry when the sharp needle penetrated the eye, and he only sighed softly, "Ah! my mother!" The operation was successful.

The next day, the physician allowed Emma, as a reward for her kindness to the boy, to take off the bandage a few moments. Paul trembled from head to foot, when the first ray of light fell into his opened eyes, and he exclaimed: "Now I am in heaven, and the night is over!" And when at last he saw the golden sun veiled in a thin silver cloud, he cried out, "That is the eye of God!"



When he saw the blooming Emma, standing near him, he said: "You are God's angel!" But his eyes had to be bandaged again; it was the physician's orders.

The fever of the mother was broken up by the care and skill of the physician; but the sick woman was obliged to keep her bed a week, and only grew strong, gradually. The separation from her child troubled her so, that she could not get perfectly well, although the physician repeatedly assured her that he was well taken care of, and she should see him again, when she had a little more strength. Ah! that seemed so long to the mother's heart.

It was a beautiful spring morning, the mother had just arisen, and walked slowly through the room, when Emma, who had dressed the boy in pretty, new clothes, led him into the house where his mother dwelt. She came up the steep stone



steps with him, opened the room door gently, and pushed him in. His mother stood, with her back towards the window, praying. She had not noticed his entrance, and little Paul stood shyly by the door; every thing seemed strange to him. He did not even recognize his own mother. But the dog sprang, barking, to meet him, and then his mother looked round.

“My Paul!” she cried, as she saw her child: and Paul, when he recognized his mother by the voice, rushed into her arms. His mother embraced and kissed him, and when she looked lovingly into his face, she cried out, with trembling voice, “Great Heaven, he sees!”

“I am in heaven now!” shouted the boy; “I have seen God’s eye, and his holy angel, and the night is passed!”

Overpowered with joy and happiness, the mother sank on her knees and lifted her folded



hands: little Paul, too, raised his hands to heaven, as his mother had formerly taught him, and both prayed a prayer without words; but a wordless prayer penetrates into the highest heaven. And then it seemed to the happy mother, that she heard from the distant sky, a voice, saying: "God never forgets his children." They were the last words of her dying husband.

Then tears flowed from her eyes, and refreshed her heart, overburdened with happiness. When little Paul saw his mother weeping, the first tear fell from his just opened eyes, and that was a tear of joy.

Thou, good Paul! May all the tears which thou weepest on this earth, be pure tears of joy!



## NACK'S SHADOW.

FROM a house, in a little village, a long iron pole extended, on which three yellow, shining basins hung, which the wind shook hither and thither. That was a sign, that a barber lived in the house, and the yellow basins meant to say, that if people came in, they could have their beards shaved off, for a little money.

But he was a very unskilful barber who lived there; that, every one knew, who had ever come under his dull razor. However, there was no other in the town, so the people must go to his shop, if they did not want to go about with rough, bristling beards, which was not there, the fashion





BOBRETT-HOOPER.

NACK'S SHADOW.







among neat people. So, whoever came out of the barber's shop, looked as red as a boiled crab, and his face was full of cuts and scratches. They called the unskilful barber, on that account, the *Shaver*. Few knew his rightful name, and most of them supposed he was called so, and spoke to him by that name. But he was quite angry when they called him Mr. Shaver.

The barber had a son by the name of Nack; he was a very wild, naughty boy—a real, good-for-nothing fellow. He ran round the streets all day long without doing any thing; and, idleness is the beginning of mischief! Nack thought of nothing else, but playing tricks on people. If he was at home, when any one sat down to be shaved, he would place himself at his side, and draw his face so awry, and make such shocking grimaces that the person who was being shaved was obliged to laugh; and dash! the razor went into his skin,



so that the red blood poured down on the shaving cloth under his chin.

He played pranks in and out of the house; there was scarcely a solitary person in the town on whom Nack had not played some trick. It was so well known, that every one who experienced such a joke, thought at once of Nack, and said, That must have been the Shaver's Nack; and so, at last, they called such a trick a Shaver's Knack, or, as we say, a "Shaver's Trick."

In the same house, directly below the barber, there lived a learned man. They called him the Star-gazer, because he always looked at the stars. Many thought he was a sorcerer; and he might have been a bit of one, for he knew every eclipse of the sun or moon, to a minute, a year before it came; and also prophesied about the stars, whether the summer would be wet or dry, the winter cold or warm, and whether the season



would be fruitful or unfruitful; and that could not be done by any natural means. This Star-gazer lived in a small garret, directly under the eaves, like most learned men; he lived so high up to be a little nearer to the stars.

That wicked Nack had already played many tricks upon him; and now he thought of a new one. The Star-gazer had many wonderful instruments in his room, standing and lying about, which I do not know how to call by name. He used them for his star-gazing. Among the rest, a telescope stood there, as large and thick as a cannon. It could not stand upright in the little chamber, so he had a hole made in the ceiling above, and in the roof of the garret, through which he could push the telescope, when he wanted to look at the stars.

Once, when he stood below gazing at the moon, Nack, who had noticed it, slipped softly



under the eaves, and pushed his hand, gradually, before the glass. The Star-gazer was astonished when he saw the moon darkened, and that, too, on the wrong side! He rubbed his eyes, and looked through the glass once more—now the moon had entirely disappeared.

“This is a wonderful and unheard-of phenomenon, quite against all rules! That ought not to happen! That is an aberration, a great error, which has never been before, and which we cannot allow! I must write an article about it; it will make a sensation among the astronomers!”

So the Star-gazer spoke in his enthusiasm, and Nack, who heard him through the hole in the ceiling, could not refrain from a slight giggling.

“Ah, is it you?” said the Star-gazer, who had heard the laughing. “Now wait, we must speak a few words to each other;” but Nack had run away, long before he came up.



“He will be back again!” thought the Stargazer, so he arranged an ingenious kind of trap, which, outwardly, looked like an ordinary chest. He placed this in the garret, so that one was obliged to step on it, to come to the opening. So when it was again full moon, he thrust the telescope once more, through the aperture, to gaze at the moon.

Nack, who was on the watch, wished to make another artful eclipse of the moon, and crept up there. But when he stepped on the chest—crick, crack! a plank snapped; the trap fell; and he was caught in the chest. The cover fell so quickly that Nack's shadow, which the moon had thrown on the wall, had not time to go into the chest with him; only the lifeless body was shut in, and the living shadow was left out. Nack's shadow tried in vain, to lift the cover, to join his body, but the cover was too heavy, he could not do it; besides,



he heard the Star-gazer coming, and thought it was not advisable to wait any longer, then crept slowly, without any body, out of the little window in the roof, and along the top of the house.

The Star-gazer came in, with a heavy stick in his hand, and lifted the cover of the chest, to give Nack a lecture; but, good heavens! there lay Nack's inanimate body in the chest, as cold and hard as a marble statue.

"Just heaven! what have I done?" cried the terrified star-gazer in his distress. "I did not wish to do that! They will say now that I have murdered Nack, and will put me in prison and execute me as a criminal! I am a poor afflicted man! Where shall I turn in my distress?"

For a long while, he did not know what to do, but at last he decided to lay Nack's body in an empty chest, which lay beneath many other trunks and boxes in the garret, close the cover,



and push it, far away, in a dark corner, under the eaves, where they could not easily find it.

Nack's shadow, in fear of the Star-gazer, had run away across the roofs, and had jumped on a low-roofed house, and from that, down into the street. He was full of vivacity, he felt so light, because he did not have to carry his heavy body about with him, and he made such springs as he never did before. "This will be a merry life," said he; "now it will begin; I do not need my body to enjoy myself; I can make fools now of all the world, without their finding me out and beating me black and blue!"

So he thought, and he gave a few leaps for joy, and danced down the street; he was as light as a feather. Far down in the street below, he heard the noise of a troop of boys. They played at soldiers, and one marched behind the other, and they were full of fun, and shouted when they saw



their shadows on the wall marching with them. But the company became still larger in that way. Nack mingled with them, first here and then there, placed himself as an officer at their head, and commanded—March ! one, two ! one, two !

It went on, for a time, till the boys saw that there was one shadow too many amongst them ; then a panic seized them, they threw the sticks away, which they had used as muskets, and ran off, shrieking. Nack laughed aloud, and chased them through several streets.

But as he ran, jumping by the walls and houses, two dogs came running after him ; and followed and chased him, and one seized him by his cloak and—rip, rap !—tore the whole back of it off. Nack was obliged to make wonderful springs to escape the dogs, that they did not tear his bones to pieces notwithstanding they were so light, for the shadow was as thin and delicate as



a cobweb. He did not worry about that, as he had fortunately escaped the dogs; and he amused himself the whole night, and set the village in an uproar. He rang all the bells, and awakened people from their sleep; when they came to the window, to look out, he was gone; or he stood in the shadow of a house, so they could not see him. At other places, he would bark like a dog or mew like a cat, and make all the cats and dogs rebellious, so that the whole night long nobody could close their eyes, for the cat and dog barking and noise, and the ringing of bells. "That certainly must be the Shaver's Nack," they all said, but nobody had a glimpse of him.

At last, he was tired, and lay down in a corner to sleep, where nobody could see him. He awoke when the sun had been up for some time, and wished to begin his frolicking again. But he was so hungry, that he wanted something to eat,



first. But where should he procure it? As he was only a shadow, he could only eat shadow food. So he placed himself at the corner of a street, and when a boy came by, with his bread and butter in his hand on the way to school, he snatched the shadow of the bread away from him, and ate it up. The bread and butter was, by that means, quite hard and tasteless, like a bit of leather, and the poor schoolboy almost bit his teeth out, and was not satisfied. It was still easier, about drinking; he placed himself near the fountain, and drank the shadow of the water drops.

So the shadow Nack played many days and nights, and did nothing but silly things; he always remembered that they did not see him, but he took care to avoid the dogs; they always gave chase whenever they saw him. And every one, on whom he played a trick, said, "That must cer-



tainly be the Shaver's Nack;" but no one could find Nack. To be sure his father missed him, but he thought nothing of it; he supposed Nack had run away, and was glad to get rid of him so easily.

By and by, the boys began to think that it was Nack who had so often cheated and ill-treated them. At last they lost all fear of him, and once when he, by mistake, let them see him, they all fell upon him in a body, and chased him. One evening, a crowd of boys, who had discovered him, chased him in the moonlight. Nack wanted to run round the corner of a house; the house had been painted that very day, and the paint was not dry. Nack, who carelessly thought he could slip by, with one spring, touched the wet wall with his leg, and remained fastened there. The more he tried to get free, the firmer he remained there, and his whole shadow was glued to the



wall, like a piece of thin paper. He could not move nor stir! Then the boys brought stones and threw at him, and soon the shadow was so full of holes, that they could see the white wall through them. All his screams and complaining did not help him, and only when clouds passed over the moon, and the shadow became invisible, the boys stopped throwing stones.

There poor Nack hung, like a target full of holes, and could not move. He hung there through the night; and when the sun shone the next morning, and dried the walls of the house, he could gradually get free; and he had to do that very carefully, that he might not be torn in pieces.

Noonday was the worst time for Nack, when the sun shone perpendicularly over his shoulders. He suffered much then, and had a shocking cramp, and was forced to double himself up in his dis-



tress, till he looked like a crooked dwarf. So he usually passed the day, in some dark corner. On that account, the early morning and the evening hours were pleasantest to him, for then he enjoyed life. He seemed as if he would stretch himself out to the size of a giant, and be as tall as a house. He peeped into the highest windows, and looking into the room cried out, "Get up, you sleepy rats ; good morning to you !" So that the children screamed aloud, in their terror, when they saw his black face at the window. And he did the same at night: "Go to sleep, you monkeys," he would cry out, and then the children crept under the bed-clothes in fear, and sweat as if they had drunk elder-flower tea ; but they could not go to sleep so soon !

One day Nack slipt into an alehouse ; it was towards evening, which time he usually chose, because his shadow was not so easily seen in



the twilight. He mingled among the guests, who sat at different tables, playing cards and drinking beer; then he commenced his mischievous pranks. He would pull this one, or the other, by the nose or the hair; pull the cards away from one, and upset the beer-glass of another. Every one supposed his neighbor had done the mischief, and blamed him, till they quarrelled with each other, and from words came to blows. Each one struck at his neighbor, and in the darkness that reigned in the room, no one could see where he hit. Nack stood at one side, and almost laughed himself to death.

Then the landlord brought in a light. All lifted their eyes to the bright reflection, and there stood Nack's shadow, plainly revealed on the wall. One person recognized him, and all cried out, "Have you played us a Shaver's trick? Wait a minute, we'll pay you for it!"



And they rushed to the unlucky shadow; one grasped him by the hair, as if he would pull it out, by one jerk; another tore his clothes from his body; another flew at him with his fists; two of the men who had rushed upon him, had seized him by the leg, and they would have torn him almost in pieces, but fortunately the light was overturned on the table, so that it was dark again, in the room, or else they would have torn him in halves, and who knows what might have become of him? They ran for a light, but before that came, Nack had scrambled out of the door.

How did he look now? It was a pitiful sight! All the hair was torn from his head, his clothes hung in tatters around him, and his body was almost divided; and he looked as if he were on stilts, his legs were so long. He was ashamed of his own shadow, and crept through a trap-door



into a dark cellar, so that he need not be seen any more.

Before it was scarcely light, the next morning, he crept out and glided to a house where a tailor lived; there he stole a skein of thread and a needle, through the open window, to sew his dilapidated body together. When he began his patching, he found that he had stolen white thread instead of black, in his hurry, so that the white stitches looked quite oddly on the black shadow. He did not mind that at all. He could now glide about as he did before, without his long legs shaking beneath him.

The many trials which Nack had been obliged to undergo, since he became a shadow, had tired him of shadow life, and he had become quite disgusted with it. "It does not suit me any longer," he sighed; "I thought I could lead a free and merry life without a body, but it is still worse,



than if I had one; on account of the blows and wounds, that will not heal; with no hair on my head; and only a few rags on me, that will not keep me warm at night. And all this misery is owing to that wicked Star-gazer, who has destroyed my body by his cruel magic. Only wait, you old wizard, and you will have to take it."

So Nack thought, as he prepared to take his revenge on the Star-gazer. Since he had been merely a shadow, he had not ventured to go near the Star-gazer, he was so much afraid of him, because he thought him a sorcerer or a wizard, and so he quite avoided his father's house. Now he limped towards home, he crept up the garret stairs, and went through the open door, with the intention of breaking all the instruments to pieces, which he found there. The morn gave him light for his work, and he commenced. Spy-glasses, globes, and every thing of the kind, he destroyed.



At last, he found the chest, in which his body was hidden. "There must be something costly in there," he thought, "because it is shut so tight!"

He broke the lock, and lifted the cover. Whisk! his shadow slipped in, as if it had been pushed there by force; and as soon as it was in, the dead body (which now had its shadow again) received new life; he arose and rubbed his eyes; it seemed exactly as if he had been dreaming.

Just as he was coming out of the chest, the Star-gazer entered the door. The noise and tumult in the garret had awakened him from his slumber, and he came out to see what it was. As Nack stood living before him, he was beside himself with joy. He clasped him in his arms, and cried, over and over again: "Nack, you are alive! Nack, you are alive! and I am not a murderer! Oh, I am a happy man!"

But Nack, since he had received his body



again, was entirely changed. He saw what a bad life he had previously led, and felt that it ought to be different; he said so to the Star-gazer. He was so delighted, that he embraced him, and said, "Nack, if that is your solemn resolve, you shall be my child, from this time forth. I will instruct you in my science of astronomy, so that you will be a learned man, and by and by have a fortune."

"Agreed, sir!" said Nack; and he kept his word. He sat from morning till evening in the room of the Star-gazer, over his books: and though learning was very difficult to him at first, he soon became accustomed to it, and it was a pleasure to him. He kept the most difficult reckoning, and calculated eclipses with his teacher, and was a great scholar. He was so anxious to advance in the sciences, that he hardly ever left the study, so that the Star-gazer found it necessary to go out with him sometimes, that he should not sit



too long, and grow ill. He never ventured out in the sunlight, or the moonlight, for he was horrified at his shadow, which was so bald-headed and torn, and patched up and disfigured with white stitches, when it ran along by his side.

Nack died long ago ; but even to this day, when a person plays a mean trick on another, they say, "He practised the Shaver's Knack on him." Learned linguists do not know the origin of the term—but now, *we* know it.



## THE TWO FRIENDS.

ONCE upon a time, in a solitary part of the country, there stood on the borders of a wood a fine large rose-bush. I don't know how it came there, but there it was, and as no gardener came with his crooked knife and sharp shears to clip its boughs into fanciful shapes, according to his rules, it had grown up into a large shrub, and had spread out like a hazel-nut bush, and was covered with hundreds of splendid red roses, that were so fragrant you could smell them far around in the neighborhood. It was a magnificent rose-bush; you rarely saw such a fine one!

A nightingale had made her home in the rose-



bush, because it was so delightful, living there under the blooming roses. The nightingale and the rose-bush were very fond of each other, and became such good friends, they could not live apart.

It was so astonishing! the nightingale spoke in melody, and the rose-bush by perfume, but they could understand each other perfectly, and were quite happy when they were conversing so, together. In their joyousness, they often held singing matches together.

“Praise be to thee, glorious month of May!  
Thou bringest joy and flowers to the earth!  
Thou openest the heart and fillest it with love!  
Praise be to thee, lovely month of May!”

So sang the nightingale, when spring came;  
and the rose-bush sang, in fragrance, when June  
drew near:

“Praise be to thee, lovely summer month.



Thou bringest blessings to the earth ; thou pour-  
est out joy and wealth from the horn of plenty ;  
thou givest refreshment to the weak, and com-  
fortest the sorrowful ! Praise be to thee, lovely  
summer month ! ”

So they sang in emulation of each other.

One day the nightingale said to the rose-bush,  
“ I should like to be at the emperor’s court, just  
for once. There is nothing there but gold and  
silver and precious stones ; and the most beauti-  
ful birds, collected together from all parts of the  
world ; and they are so handsome and so well  
taught, that they can sing and speak as men do,  
so that you would not suppose they were only  
birds. My mother told me about it, for she flew  
by there, once.”

“ Yes, certainly,” answered the rose-bush ; “ it  
must, indeed, be very beautiful at the court of  
the emperor, and the most splendid flowers bloom



there, such as one can see nowhere else, and they dwell as men do, in the most singular houses made of glass. But it suits me here! It seems to me, it is still more beautiful in the house of God, in the glorious freedom of nature. We are so happy here, why do we wish for any thing better?"

While they were talking thus together, a man came creeping by, as lightly as a cat. He stayed lurking about, for some time, and it seemed as if he had some wicked design. He was a bird-catcher, and he had watched for the nightingale a long time. He put a trap under the rose-bush, and placed a few worms in it. When the nightingale looked down and saw the worms struggling, she flew there, and suspected no harm; for she was so good and innocent herself, that she never did any thing wrong. Clap! went the trap, and the poor nightingale was a prisoner.



“Now you shall go to the emperor’s palace, because you sing so beautifully!” said the bird-catcher. “I shall receive a great reward, and you will certainly be court singer. Do not forget me there!”

Ah, it made the nightingale so unhappy to be separated from her friend, the rose-bush! She would gladly have given all the emperor’s gold if she could have remained where she was.

Then the bird-catcher saw the splendid rose-bush also, and he said: “You, too, can come with me. You can stand in the emperor’s garden, for I never saw such a magnificent rose-bush. There, you can make your fortune!”

Then the man dug up the rose-bush by the roots, and carried that and the nightingale away, far away, to the court of the emperor.

It was very grand there! There was a great bird-house, that was built with slats of pure gold,



and surrounded by a net of gold wire; and little trees were planted in the house, but not real trees, they would have been too common; they were artificial trees, that looked as natural as real ones. The stems were of mahogany, turned and polished; and the leaves of green taffeta.

The nightingale was put in there, and she was so troubled, when she saw the magnificence, and the splendidly arrayed birds, that perched there or fluttered about.

There was a great sensation when the nightingale arrived. They all had so much curiosity! A pair of pert canaries placed themselves near her, and said to each other, "Just look there! who can that be?"

"Some country girl!" said the other, impertinently; "one can tell that at once, by her scant, gray dress!"



"Shall we endure it?" asked a spiteful goldfinch.

A green parrot, who sat on a golden perch, examined the goldfinch on all sides, and said: "Look here! Can you speak French?" "Fripon! Filou! Coquin!"

"Ah, no," she answered.

"Can you whistle the trumpeter's tune?" a bullfinch asked.

"Ah, no!" said the nightingale.

"Can you draw water?" inquired a goldfinch, and drew some water for himself to drink, in a little bucket with a golden chain.

"Can you discharge a cannon and pretend to be dead?" said a canary.

"Ah, no, no; I cannot do that," answered the nightingale.

"What can you do, then?" they all asked at once.



"I can sing as our dear Lord has taught me, and as it comes from my heart!" answered the nightingale.

"That is something great!" shrieked all the birds, and laughed aloud.

"Have you been presented at court? And what do you want here, in the emperor's palace?" the canary-bird continued; for they are very bold.

"Keep still, I am meditating," said a great brown owl, that was swinging in a golden ring; and a gray parrot sighed, "Ah, how short is life!"

He was in affliction, that any one might see by his gray dress, and he looked quite grave and troubled.

The wicked canary-birds and bullfinches would not be put out; they came flying by and pecked and bit the poor nightingale, who sat



frightened on a tree, till the feathers flew around her. She did not know how to defend herself.

Then from the ground a voice cried, "Submit to them!—submit to them!" It was a quail, who called out. She sat crouched on the earth, half hidden in the sand, and the distress of the poor nightingale went to her heart.

The nightingale flew to the ground, and sat by her. The quail whispered softly to her: "Bow before them; and remain here on the earth, and then they will let you alone. They have tried the same thing with me."

Now the doors were opened wide, and the emperor entered, leading the princess, his daughter, by the hand. They came in to the golden aviary, and went from one bird to another, looked at it, and made it display its accomplishments.

"Ave, Cæsar, Victor, Imperator!" shrieked a



great black raven, who came to the court a short time before.

“Optime!” answered the emperor, for he went to the Latin school when he was young, and he wanted to show that he had learned something. The flattering welcome pleased him so much, that he stroked the raven with one hand and hung a golden medal around his neck.

Then he came to the gray parrot. “Ah! how short is our life!” said the parrot, hoping he should receive a medal too.

But the princess said to the emperor, “Cannot he say any thing else, papa? It makes me so sad, and makes me think about dying, and that is not proper for a princess.”

“Be quiet, I am meditating!” said the solemn owl, who wore a great golden order around his neck.

“We certainly know that,” answered the em-



peror, and then the bullfinch piped up the trumpeter's piece.

"Fripon! Filou! Coquin!" cried out the green parrot, insolently, to the emperor, when he came near him.

"You!" said the emperor, and threatened him with his finger.

The two canaries flew to the finger of the princess, and flattered and caressed her like a couple of kittens, and she let them each take a lump of sugar from her lips.

"Here is the new bird, which they call the nightingale," said the minister who had charge of the bird, with a low bow. "I do not know what it has learned, for it has not let itself be heard. It only waits your majesty's orders."

"Well, let me hear then, what you can do," said the emperor to the nightingale.

The startled nightingale flew up from the



ground, sat on the tree, and sang a beautiful song.

"Papa," said the princess, "she sings exactly like the birds in the woods, it is so ordinary and so countrified. She is entirely without cultivation."

The nightingale trilled her loveliest song. Then the princess put her hands to her ears, and cried to the court ladies, "My smelling-bottle! my smelling-bottle!" The poor princess almost fainted away, the trilling of the nightingale had so shaken her delicate nerves.

But the emperor said: "You have a good voice, only a little too powerful; you are still quite rude and uncultivated; perhaps we can make something of you."

Then he beckoned to the minister, and said to him, "Take her home with you, and try to bring her forward, and get something out of her, either



‘Ah du lieber Augustin,’ or else some fashionable song.”

The minister put the nightingale into a dark, narrow cage, and hung it near his table on the wall; then set a small hand-organ on the table, and played twice every hour, “Ah du lieber Augustin.” He even did the same thing in the night, for he could not sleep, on account of his ministerial cares. The nightingale took every pains to imitate the song; she would have been so glad to please the emperor, but she could not succeed in doing it, for when she had sung half a measure, she would relapse into her old song, that she had sung from her youth, for she would think of her dear rose-bush and their happy life together; and then the tedious instruction was forgotten at once. The minister perspired with distress and vexation, but he turned the organ unceasingly, so that his arm at last became quite numb.



When two months had passed, and the emperor asked again about the nightingale, the minister answered, trembling, before the displeasure of his master: "The nightingale must be very stupid, for she has not understood the least thing."

"Then let her fly," said the emperor, who was in a very pleasant mood; "we have foreign birds enough that are easily taught, but those from the country are certainly not." If he had not been in good humor, he would have taken her head off, or have hanged her and the minister, at the same time.

Who was happier now, than the minister, who was no longer obliged to grind the hand-organ? He opened the cage, and the nightingale flew out. She had grown quite thin, from hard study.

But how has it fared with the rose-bush, from whom we have heard nothing so long? Well, we shall see!



Ah! the sufferings of the poor rose-bush had been far greater, than those of the nightingale! The emperor's gardener looked at it on all sides, and said: "It belongs to a good species of rose; but, good heavens! how wild and uncultivated. The skill of the gardener cannot be seen in it; it is as rough as the bushes that grow in the wilderness. But perhaps something can be made of it. It is strong and hardy."

So he took his knife and cut all the beautiful twigs and branches close to the stem, and let only two little twigs remain on the top, for the beautiful rose-bush was to be trained into a tree. The poor rose-bush! They placed it in a handsome flower-pot, and bound the stalk so tightly to a stick that it could hardly breathe; then they carried it into a glass house. The proud flowers that stood there looked down with scorn upon it, or did not deign to give it a glance; it was too vul-



gar—the rose-bush was treated exactly as the nightingale had been.

Ah! how it hurt the poor rose-bush when the branches were cut off, and how painful its many wounds were! So it passed many melancholy days in the hot-house, where it was always so oppressively warm, for no sweet dew from heaven, and no refreshing rain, could penetrate through the glass walls, and where one could not tell whether it was the morning or evening sunshine. How it longed to be out! And how often it thought of its friend, from whom it had not heard for a long time, and whom it considered dead.

The only amusement that it had, was looking through the glass windows out into the garden. And that was a splendid garden! The bushes all stood in rank and file like soldiers, and were trimmed with the shears till they looked like high green walls; the trees were twisted into all



sorts of shapes, and made to resemble pyramids and vases, and lions, and men and women, with long dresses. It was astonishing! And the rose-bush would have laughed, if it had not been so sad, and had not suffered so much pain from its many wounds.

So a few months passed away, and the rose-bush grew weaker and fainter, and let the few leaves and flowers which it still kept, hang drooping, or fall off entirely. The gardener visited it sometimes, and watered it, or put healing-plaster on its wounds. At last, he shook his head and said, "Nothing can be made of you, and you only take the place of other plants." So he tore it from the earth, and threw it out onto a dust-heap in a corner of the court-yard.

The poor rose-bush lay there many hours, almost fainting, in the sun; when her friend, the nightingale, who had just received its freedom,



flew over the court-yard, and alighted on an elder-bush which stood there. Her joy over her newly gained liberty was so great that she hardly comprehended it. It seemed a dream to her; she required a little time to be certain of her happiness.

She saw the cold stalk of the rose-bush lying in the court-yard, and she recognized her ill-used friend. It looked so pitifully, that it required the sharp eye of a friend to recognize it; but she *did* know it, and its misery went to her heart. Hesitating but a moment, she seized the slight stalk in her bill, lifted it from the earth, and flew away with it, over mountain and valley, far away, to her old ~~home~~. When she came to any water, she flew down and dipped the stalk in it, that it might be a little refreshed, and not faint away entirely.

So the true friend bore her half-dead com-



panion to the place where they had both formerly lived, and were so happy ; and as the hole was still left lying open, whence the bird-fancier had taken the rose-bush, she laid the bush in it again, and scraped the earth round the roots, with her claws. As much as thirty times a day, she flew to the spring, and brought a beakful of water, and sprinkled it on the rose-bush, and it gradually recovered and gained new strength, and threw out new leaves, and the fragrance of the first rose that blossomed, was to the praise of friendship and in thanks to her true friend. The next spring, the rose-bush had shot up again, its branches had expanded, and were covered with splendid crimson roses, and it was again as fragrant as before. But the nightingale could not regain her former cheerfulness ; she was always sad, and did not sing as she did before, for she was ashamed that she was so ignorant, and that she could learn nothing.



When the rose-bush petitioned for a song, she would only sing to her late in the evening, or at night, when every thing else was asleep.

About this time, a youth came frequently into the wood, and walked about in the moonlight. He must have had some secret grief, for he sought the solitude, and was always so very sad. He knew the nightingale, and the rose-bush in which she sat; and he often listened attentively when she sang her nightly song to her friend. At last the youth came every evening, and he built a seat for himself of green moss, beneath the rose-bush; and he often sat there an hour, in contemplation, and would not stir, for fear of disturbing the nightingale.

The nightingale was no longer in fear of him, but sang on, for she saw that her song gave him comfort.

One evening the youth came not alone. A



beautiful and noble lady was at his side ; they sat on the moss bank, and the youth gathered the loveliest rose, and wreathed it in the brown curls of the maiden. Ah ! it was so beautiful there. The moon shone bright and clear, and shed her silver light over the landscape. The rose-bush glittered, and poured out its sweetest fragrance ; the nightingale trilled, and sang in melting tones !

Then the eyes of the maiden were filled with tears, and the youth looked into her glistening eyes, and pressed her hand, then passed his arm around her, and pressed the first kiss of love on her lips.

Then the nightingale was filled with rapture, and she trilled from the depths of her heart, her most beautiful song, full of love and longing. But alas ! she had so overtasked herself, that her little tuneful heart burst, and she fell dying on the earth.



The youth and the young maiden did not observe, that the nightingale was silent, they were too blissful and happy; but the rose-bush saw her friend drop and fall dead, and it strewed fragrant leaves over her, and covered her with a heap of roses.

The next morning a glittering tear hung on each rose, but they had lost all their crimson color in the night, and were quite pale with sorrow, and no longer poured out their fragrance as before.

The descendants of the rose-bush still grieve over the friends, who were parted, and even to this day, they wear the paleness of woe.

You have certainly sometimes seen white roses? Well, they are the children and grandchildren of the rose-bush that sorrowed so for its friend.

THE END.

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